Though since the end of the war he had led somewhat of a desultory life, he had always managed to dress and appear like a gentleman. The next Sunday, to the wonder and consternation of the congregation, just as the parson had taken his place in the pulpit, the lieutenant, in his best suit, his hair elaborately frizzed, powdered and cued, marched up the broad aisle with his most imposing tread, and slowly ascended the pulpit stairs. With a profound military salute he seated himself beside the pastor. "What could it mean?" The amazement increased when, as the clergyman arose to begin the service, the lieutenant rose also; standing a little back with his head slightly inclined forward, and his hand behind his ear, he continued to occupy his post beside the pastor through the long prayer and the longer sermon. As every one knew the old scamp was not the least deaf, they began to surmise that some mischief was on foot, but "what was the mystery?" After two or three Sabbaths in which the pranky old officer, with the gravity of forty judges, occupied a place in the pulpit, the story of the trunnel logs became whispered about, and his presence then created such a sensation that the tithing man was compelled to give him a seat on the long bench in front. Some members declared that some judgment must fall on the reprobate; but notwithstanding these menaces, he went on his way rejoicing, getting more treats than ever at the tavern, and more hearty welcome to good cheer throughout the vicinity.

Enoch Noyes, says the Nonagenarian, was noted for the manufacture of combs and horn buttons. He was a great genuis, and had contrived many inventions and made much improvement in the business. Mr. Noyes was a great oddity. He would run over the parish bareheaded and barefooted. It was no uncommon thing for him to appear at our house after dinner of a hot summer day, in only a shirt and breeches, having ran across the fields, two miles, "just to take a nooning." A great joker and a capital story-teller, his appearance was a signal for a general frolic. He was fond of telling strangers that his father used to say he had four remarkable children: Molly was remarkably handsome, Tim was remarkably sloven, John was remarkably wicked, and Enoch was remarkably cunning."

If pride of ancestry was a characteristic of the descendants of the primitive Noyes family of Newbury, Mass., there was at least one re-